

# POWERS VISITS SARATOGA GAMBLING PALACES.

High-Rolling Canfield's and the Low-Rolling Gem Impress One with the Merits and Demerits of Wide-Open Gambling for New York City.

(Special to The Evening World.)  
SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 22.—To a New Yorker upon whom rests the curse of desire to risk his hard-earned money in games of chance, Saratoga is a perpetual invitation. Where, in the Metropolis of the United States, it is necessary to go to gamble in the manner of one going to steal, here entrance to gambling houses is as easy as entrance to public parks. Where, in New York, policemen watch the entrances of many gambling houses and warn would-be suckers away, here policemen stand guard to see that proprietors fixed by the gambling-house keepers are observed.

In New York gambling, as the word is commonly used, is done in spite of the law. Of course speculation in Wall street is not gambling. Here gambling is done with the sanction and protection of the law—the same law that applies to New York City.

Men whose interests are centered in the business of gambling are reticent when asked if, in their opinion, such freedom in regard to gambling prevailed in New York as prevails in Saratoga the result would be beneficial to the Metropolis.

"Gambling," they say, "is as old as the world. Men will risk their money in the hope of gain as long as the sun rises and sets. If the law is against them they will find a way to beat the law. Logically there is a necessity for gambling houses. We fill the necessity."

Other men not so closely interested assert that it would be much better at these New York City to have gambling houses in the main streets open easily to the public as are the gambling houses here. Observers with no Northstar one way or another vary in opinion. In order to gain basis for consideration of the subject let us this side the finest gambling house in the United States, the Saratoga Club of Saratoga.

## SIDE VIEW ON CANFIELD.

So much has been written of the proprietor, Richard Canfield, that it is about useless to add to the income of the press clipping agency that takes care of his publicity records. He has been described as a man of pleasing countenance, gentle ways, soft voice, excellent education, unfailing courtesy and a business head that would have made him a master in any line of endeavor. He is all that his describers have made him.

He has made a business of running a gambling house. His play is as decorous as a church. More money is wagered there on the average night in the Saratoga season than passes through the fingers of big gambling houses in a month in other places. In some way Richard Canfield has managed to disassociate his place from the gambling-house atmosphere.

He features his excellent restaurant. This is a small place, compared with the gigantic food consumption accommodations provided at the big Saratoga hotels. But Mr. Canfield has the only restaurant in Saratoga where one may get a meal cooked to order. In consequence he draws a custom made up of men and women of a world apart from gambling—even though his restaurant opens upon the great apartment in which are the many tables devoted to roulette and faro.

## EATING TO ROULETTE MUSIC.

Any man or woman of good appearance may eat at the restaurant in the Saratoga Club to the music of the spinning ball on the roulette wheel. The average man or woman of sufficient wealth and good apparel to allow of dining in Canfield's is content to sit in a great dining-room and eat hotel food that is cooked by the ton and served out with shovels. They are of the class that the reading public knows and they go to the little restaurant in the Saratoga Club for two reasons—to eat such food as they want, cooked as they want it cooked and to be remote from the prying eyes of the inquisitive, assertive vacation class, that brightens Saratoga.

The astute proprietor does not cater to the poor or the middle classes. He wants to match his money against that of the very people who can afford to eat at his restaurant. Through the stomachs of the rich he sells the chips that his croupiers eventually rake in and pile in the boxes.

In the restaurant there are certain tables from which the diners—men and women—may view the great room, lined on three sides with roulette wheels and faro tables. Save for the clatter of the balls and the rattle of the chips, one unacquainted

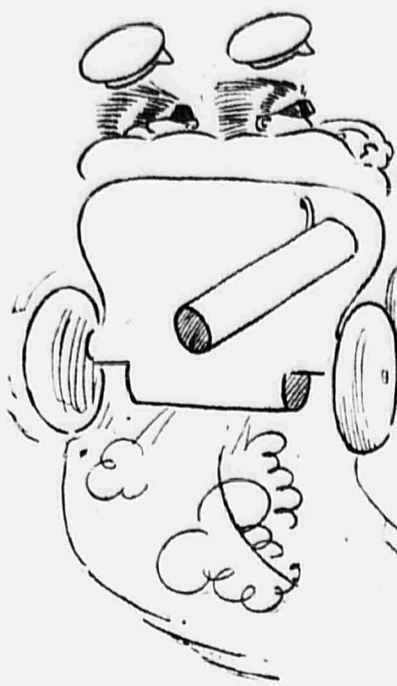
with the character of the place might sit in the restaurant and imagine it to be a gathering of well-to-do men



John A. Drake and his betting commissioner.



Most people picture Jack Chinn as standing in front of the Worden Hotel loaded down with guns and knives.



Not so. Jack Chinn is a very timid person.



Leo, the Boy Plunger.



With a doughnut and a glass of lemonade at the United States Hotel.

Leo, the Boy Plunger, Who Never Paid to See a Prize-Fight, Now Sports a Tuxedo and Is Reputed to Have Amassed a Fortune of \$200,000.

good becomes fainter as the visits extend. The last place looked into is called The Gem. It is two blocks from the Saratoga Club, one block from Broadway and across the street

with the time when prize-fights were held at Madison Square Garden, Coney Island, the Broadway Athletic Club and other places in New York City. Wherever there was a fight there was Leo. How he got into no man could tell. How he kept from getting out no ten men could tell. He was there every time, he knew everybody and picked up many a dollar by his ability to carry messages from play to play for newspaper reporters in less time than other boys consumed in like service.

## RISE OF THIS "COFFY" BOY.

They tell us that when the prize-fighting game was smothered in New York Leo took to the race tracks. Men in whose veracity we have confidence assured us that he is worth \$200,000. We fear these men have been misinformed, but, inasmuch as Leo is known as the "Boy Plunger," there must be something in the reports of his wealth.

Burdened with money as he may be, the habits of frugality engendered by strenuous days on Park Row have not deserted him. This was made plain to us at a late hour last night when we discovered him in the Grand Union Hotel eating a doughnut and drinking a glass of lemonade. We say he has not lost his frugal habits because he was eating but one doughnut. Had he been eating two doughnuts at the Grand Union Hotel we might have concluded that he, too, had been stricken with the mania for spending money so prevalent here.

## THE SARATOGA DOWAGER.

In our previous communications to The Evening World we have overlooked what Mr. Powers calls the Saratoga Dowager. Our only explanation is that we have not been looking for old ladies, because, in all truth, there is no more interesting character than the aged female of the Saratoga visitor type. It would appear that the older a woman gets the more diamonds she is privileged to wear when she comes to Saratoga.

This is the place where they carry weight for age, so to speak, and the diamond merchant is the handicapper. The aged female aforesaid is generally robust. She wears the teeth that can be turned out of the dental parlors, and her diamond earrings average five karats apiece. She wears a diamond brooch as big as a ball-player's hand and encumbers her fingers with circlets of gems that remind the observer of a big railroad yard on a dark night, so brilliantly do they reflect white, blue, red and green. She is more alert than the precious stone bearers of half her age and just as interesting.

## "JACK" CHINN'S "ARSENAL."

Col. "Jack" Chinn, the bad man from Kentucky, was standing at the edge of the Broadway pavement wrapped in thought and a long overcoat for it was raining—as it has been doing right along in Saratoga. Two natives were discussing Col. Chinn.

"I'll bet he's a walking arsenal now," said one.

"You know many men have sworn to kill him. He is compelled to be alert at all times, with one hand on his revolver and the other on his knife. He is cool as steel!"

Just then an automobile started on the side of the street with a series of reports like a gatling gun. Col. Chinn jumped clear across the sidewalk, dropping things from his pocket as he went. One of the citizens hastened to help the Colonel to recover his property. He picked up a whiskey comb, a silver flask, a bunch of keys, a corkscrew, a lucky copper amulet, a package of chewing gum and a horseshoe nail.

"Is this all you lost, Colonel?" asked the citizen, hoping that the Kentuckian would reveal that he was bereft of a gun or at least a bowie knife.

"Dog gone it!" replied Col. Chinn. "I'll bet I've lost all them tobacco tags I was saving to get a razor stop with." MARTIN GREEN.

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Now some of the losers are getting away.

from a sulphur spring—this last coincidence being considered by some a most striking one.

The Gem is wide open to the class it caters to as is Canfield's to a far more genteel class. The care exercised by Mr. Canfield to avoid appearances of gambling as it is commonly recognized is not exercised at The Gem. The rule there is "Get the money." This is the rule in Mr. Canfield's, but it is not applied the same way in the Gem and the Saratoga Club.

The Gem is a wooden shanty. It is a resort for negroes and white stable hands, boys hoping to become jockeys, cheap race-track hangers-on and worse. It has hazard games, a crap game, a chuck-a-luck game, roulette wheels and other gambling apparatus. White chips cost 5 cents. The dealers are as vociferous as the Ballyhoo men outside Coney Island shows. The air in the place is foul.

A narrow passageway leads from the gambling-house to an alleged theatre. The habitués are persons who would not be tolerated in the average dive. There is a stage on which prize-fights are given every night, and a young man, much the worse for beer, sings "Waltz Me, A THEATRE" ADJOINS.

Salle, Down the Alley" and other popular songs. Access to this place is as free as access to an unfenced vacant lot. It is as vile as a New York garbage dump.

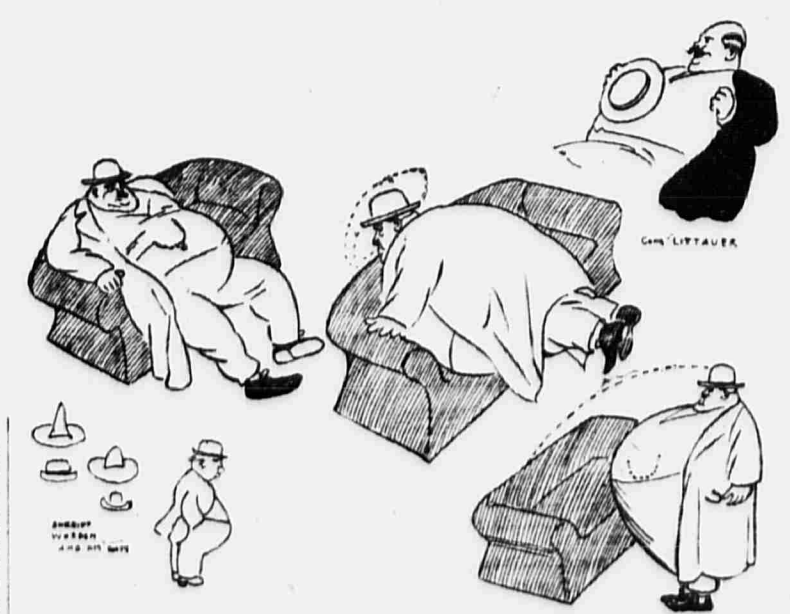
After seeing the Gem, the man who had almost convinced himself that Canfield's idea of an open gambling-house would be good for New York reads proof on his mind. The same law that gives police protection to Canfield's allows the continuance of the Gem.

In making the round of gambling-houses Mr. Powers and I were treated to several shocks and astonishment but none was more acute than that which smote us at the Saratoga Club, where we saw Leo, the boy who never paid to see a prize-fight, walking up and down the gaming room in evening dress and a straw hat. The dignity of Leo was so pronounced that we hesitated to approach him, but from other persons we learned of his recent adventures.

Our memory of Leo associated him



Mr. Canfield in his private office watching the porter sweeping small bills.



Jack Snell getting up from his favorite sofa. Observe the dotted lines.

the men playing below. The sight they witness does not shock them. It is a placid prospect, this rectangle of roulette wheels and faro layouts. The visitor continues to believe that

open gambling-houses would be good for New York.

In the course of another hour it is possible to visit other clubs. The impression that open gambling is

awaiting the signal to march to a banquet hall.

## REST AND QUIET THERE.

The tables are hidden by the rows of men around them. The room is furnished in such taste that a feeling of rest and quiet comes from a glimpse of it. No man is allowed to play for small money; no man is allowed to play who is intoxicated. The conversational tone is used by the gamblers and the scene is as different from that in the ordinary gambling-house as is a meeting of band directors from a beefsteak dinner. Indeed, there is much in the place to remind one of a bank.

It is so quiet. Thousands of dollars are won and lost and not a loud word is heard. At times the sound of the chips and the ivory balls dropping in the compartments in the wheels. The people in the place are well fed, well groomed. The majority of the women wear diamonds by the bushels. The men carry rolls of bills that make one think of bunches of bananas. So skilfully has Mr. Canfield combined his restaurant and his gambling-house that the visitor is inclined to express himself thusly: "In this place gambling is conducted in a way to do the least harm. It is open to all who can afford it. It is seen behind the artistic screen that marks his office. He is in consultation with a gentleman who look the part of a millionaire. The beaming visage of Mr. Canfield suggests that of the doctor whose presence in the sick room gives cheer to the patient.

"Indeed," continues the visitor as he goes down the steps of the club, "it would appear that this man has found the safe to apply to the

THRONE OF THE GAMBLING KING.

Passing out the door Mr. Canfield is seen behind the artistic screen that marks his office. He is in consultation with a gentleman who look the part of a millionaire. The beaming visage of Mr. Canfield suggests that of the doctor whose presence in the sick room gives cheer to the patient.

THORPE'S SLAYER GOES UNSOUGHT.

Police Give Up Search for Murderer of Man Killed on Amsterdam Avenue Car—All Clues Fail, They Say.

The slayer of William H. Thorpe, manager of the Road Drivers Association club-house, was sought by the police, and according to their own admission they have little hope of his capture and are making little effort to find him.

Thorpe was murdered on an Amsterdam avenue electric car Tuesday morning three weeks ago. Not an arrest has been made. The two detectives who were assigned to the case have been taken off and put on ordinary crimes.



Miss Saratoga going to the races.

gambling cancer. Men will gamble. Why not let them gamble as they drink, as they eat—openly and above board. Such places as this would close the dives in New York where cards are marked, the dice are loaded, the wheels are crooked and the boxes from which faro dealers slide cards are as full of springs as is a Waterbury watch."

Let us see. A block or more away from the Saratoga Club is the Manhattan Club, another gambling-house. The carpet on the floor is as red as an auctioneer's flag and the curtains are more or less gaudy. It is eminently respectable. The manager, Tom

WOMEN WATCH THE GAMES.

It is but a step from the street into this club. Women may look from a balcony at one end of the room at

JUSSERAND, NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

PARIS, Aug. 22.—The successor to Jules Cambon as French Ambassador at Washington has not yet been appointed, but M. Jusserand, the French Minister at Copenhagen, had been selected for the post.

FATHER GRAPPLES FOR BABY'S BODY.

Charles Schoop Finds Little One Drowned, After an All Night Search, in Lemon Creek, Staten Island.

After having grappled all night in Lemon Creek, Staten Island, the body of a little child was found today by the father, Charles Schoop. Several hundred yards from his home on Seaside avenue, Minerva Bay.

SULTAN TO PAY PENDING CLAIMS.

United States Minister Responds to Request that Friendly Relations Be Resumed.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Aug. 22.—Through the medium of a letter from one of his secretaries, the Sultan has responded to a request from the United States Minister, John D. Leishman, asking him that all the pending claims of the United States would be complied with and begging the Minister to resume his visits to the Porte.

In consequence of these new assurances, Mr. Leishman visited the Grand Vizier, Said Pasha, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tewfik Pasha.

Mr. Leishman and Robert S. McCormick, the United States Ambassador to Austria-Hungary, also attended the audience today.

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